

## SONOMA INDEX - TRIBUNE.

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### CHURCHES.

**CATHOLIC**—Father Whyte will celebrate mass on week days at 7 A. M. On Sundays Mass will be celebrated at 8 A. M. and 10:30 A. M. Services on Sunday evening at 7:30 P. M.

**CONGREGATIONAL**—Rev. C. E. Chase, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:30 P. M. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 2:30 P. M. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor meets at 6:30 P. M. every Sunday.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL**—Rev. G. R. Stanley, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. Young people's society of Epworth League at 7 P. M. Sunday.

### SOCIETIES.

**SONOMA LODGE, No. 28, I. O. O. F.**—Meets in their hall every Saturday evening at 7:30 P. M.

**TEMPLE LODGE, No. 14, F. & A. M.**—Meets in Masonic Hall on the Saturday on or before the full moon in each month.

**PUEBLO LODGE, No. 168, A. O. U. W.**—Meets first and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

**REBEKAH DEGREE LODGE, No. 99, I. O. O. F.**—Meets in Odd Fellows Hall on second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

**SONOMA PARLOR, No. 111, N. S. G. W.**—Meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows Hall.

**ORDER OF EASTERN STAR, Valley of the Moon Chapter, No. 85.**—Meets in Masonic Hall, Thursday evenings on or preceding the full moon.

**YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE, No. 45.**—Meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

**SONOMA VINEYARD COUNCIL, No. 168, Order of Chosen Friends.**—Meets the first and third Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

**SONOMA GROVE, No. 75, U. A. O. D.**—Meet in Odd Fellows Hall the first and third Friday evening of each month.

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ulator and can conscientiously say it is the  
king of all liver medicines. I consider it a  
medicine chest in itself.—Geo. W. JACK-  
SON, Tacoma, Washington.

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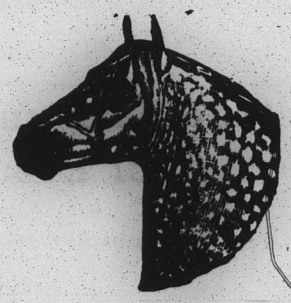
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### DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

How a Crooked Fare Dealer Was Hoist  
With His Own Petard.

"I had a curious experience when I first struck Seattle," said a well known gambler. "I had been playing pretty lucky down in Denver and up in the Cripple Creek country and came up to the sound by way of Portland. Don't know why I came, but just came. I didn't find any of the boys whom I knew, but soon got acquainted and was moving around having a good time, but not playing any. I had a good deal of money and was enjoying a few days of leisure. One day I sat down to a faro layout and was keeping cases myself. I didn't know the dealer from Adam's orphan and didn't pay much attention to the game. I was simply chipping along waiting for the cases, keeping about even, and seldom making more than one bet at the start of a deal.

"After awhile my attention was called to one player. In fact, about all of them had dropped out but us two, and I was noticing my own bets only enough to see that my own bets were promptly paid I had to notice him. He seemed to have plenty of money and was dropping a good deal of it on the high card.

"Now, there are a good many things about a faro box that every one is not on to, but with a fellow who makes his bread and butter on the green cloth, as I have for years, it's an old acquaintance. I own a little one that I got from Gifford down in San Diego a year ago, and I practice with it occasionally up in my room, when I haven't anything else to do and nothing particular to think about.

"When I noticed the fellow lose his money, I turned my attention to the dealer. The man with the money must have been greener than the cloth in front of him, for he didn't tumble to the dealer, who was working very raw. He was putting up more than half the deck for the high card to lose. He did not pay a bit of attention to me, so I did to him. I have a pretty good memory, because I need it in my business. It was no trouble for me to watch him shuffle and remember eight or ten turns from the top, and of course I could catch the last turn. He was just putting up for the other fellow and thought I was just playing lucky, for I didn't play many cards open, but had my chips leading over from some out of the way card to the card I knew was going to win and was, of course, apparently as much surprised as the dealer when it was seen my chips led right.

"The dealer was busy and was not completing for him he should cross. Who pens a stanza when he should cross. His stanzas displayed more character than his chirography. Toward the close of his career, when the great mind became obscured, his manuscript was crabbled, blurred and altered so as to be almost unreadable.

Fennimore Cooper appears to have written his numerous novels with a burned stick. Nathaniel Hawthorne's handwriting was irregular and indistinct. Dickens says he never copied, always sending the original draft of his works to the printer.

The printer, however, would have been better pleased if Dickens had copied, for his manuscript is written in a galloping, slanting style, frequently blurred and altered and very difficult for the compositor to set up.

W. M. Thackeray's manuscript is entirely the reverse. It is free from blots and erasures, the writing is clear, neat, regular and nearly up right, the words well apart—in short, right, the words well apart—in short, a pleasure to read.—Chambers' Jour-  
nal.

**Names in Liverpool.**

Mr. J. A. Wilcox, M. P., lecturing on "Names in Liverpool," said that, taking the traditional names of Brown, Jones and Robinson, the Liverpool directory showed that the Joneses so preponderated as almost to justify the description of the "capital of Wales" as applied to Liverpool. There appeared in the list close on 4,000 Joneses, about 930 Browns and 700 Robinsons. In addition to the 4,000 Joneses, which grand total, he remembered—did not include their better halves nor the large array of little Joneses—there were over 1,800 Davises, besides Hugheses, Evanses, Edwardses and Thomases. A yet larger force, however, had to be reckoned in the great tribe or clan of the Macs. These, all told, were something over 5,000 strong.—Liverpool Mercury.

**Geology in the Air.**

"How is your cabinet of geological specimens coming on?"

"Oh, I got rid of it."

"Did you give away all those carefully selected geological specimens?"

"No. You see, that congregate every night on the back fence of my back yard, and they raised such a row that I gradually threw all my specimens at them. I crippled the prima donna with a chunk of gold bearing quartz."

—Tammany Times.

**Light on an Idiom.**

Foreigner—What do you mean by saying that things are "as thick as hops?"

New Yorker—I mean they are packed as close as people in a private bedroom in New York.—Life.

### AN INTELLIGENT GOAT.

It Saw a Sign, Read It and Obedied the In-  
junction.

Mr. J. R. Southard, who hails from Newark, N. J., sells caskets for a Cleveland burial case company—ultimate receptacles they are called in Boston. As would naturally be expected, Mr. Southard is far from being a jolly drummer, but is very solemn instead.

"You know Thompson of Osea loosa, don't you?" he asked. "Well, I met Thompson down in New Mexico awhile ago, and he told me of a cultured goat whose acquaintance he had recently made at some watering place or other. He said: 'I went out to take a row one day after a night of jollification, and before I started I put on my latest and shiniest silk tie. I got into the boat and rowed awhile, and then stopped beside a rocky shore.

"I looked up as I stopped rowing, and there stood a goat, gazing very attentively off in the distance. He was a fine animal, with a fatherly beard and a patriarchal expression, and I watched him for some time. I felt to ruminating upon the noble characteristics of the tribe to which he belonged, how they could climb and leap where no other animal could obtain a foothold, and I felt quite like a naturalist.

"A gust of wind suddenly disturbed my peace of mind by catching up my tie and carrying it, turning and tumbling, to a rocky crag above me. The goat saw it as it settled down and started for it. He picked it up while I was looking for a way to get up the rocks and carrying it back to where he was standing. There he set it down again, after which he commenced looking in the same direction as before. He looked awhile, and then put his forefeet on the top of the hat and looked again. Then he reached down and took a good mouthful of the silk, stripping it half way around the crown. Once more he looked off into the distance, and again he took a juicy mouthful.

"I began to wonder what he was looking at, and seeing that the hat was of no further use to me I rowed on a little past the crag. I was at once confronted with proof that that goat was a cultured animal. Pasted on the rock in big letters was, "Chew Thompson's best plug."

"I went back to the hotel convinced that I had seen a goat that could read."—Cleveland Leader.

**Authors' Copy.**

Notwithstanding the lapse of time, Sir Walter Scott still occupies a commanding position among our novelists. In early life he wrote a legible hand, though being a clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross. Who pens a stanza when he should cross. Who pens a stanza when he should cross. His stanzas displayed more character than his chirography. Toward the close of his career, when the great mind became obscured, his manuscript was crabbled, blurred and altered so as to be almost unreadable.

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### THE COMING DAY.

A better day is coming, girls,  
Just wait a little longer.  
Its morning breeze now sweeps the trees,  
Its light is growing stronger.  
The year of progress rushes on,  
Fresh eras of conquest bringing.  
And on the higher planes of life  
The birds of hope are singing.

Hark! on the spheres of the west,  
A strong, new sound is swelling  
Of equal rights and juster laws  
Is stirring notes are telling.  
Blind prejudice and hoary wrongs  
Are swiftly disappearing,  
And woman, pleading for her own,  
Commands respectful hearing.

Wyoming, in her mountain home,  
Her lesson still repeating,  
To Colorado, newly won,  
Displays her star in greeting.  
And both, in gold and silver decked,  
Like queens of ancient history,  
Now watch and wait, while Kansas comes  
To join them in their glory.

Across the states the spirit spreads,  
Back to its primal sources,  
Where woman's rights, in modern sense,  
First mastered in their forces,  
Where Lucy Stone and Susan B.  
Led threefold souls to battle  
For woman's higher hopes and needs  
And raised her from a chattel.

Through storms of ridicule and scorn  
Her lesson still repeating,  
Till through the land, from shore to shore,  
We burning truths are planted,  
Their light is shining brightly, girls—  
Each year 'tis growing stronger—  
Truth must prevail and error fail.  
Just wait a little longer!

—Woman's Journal.

**Illustrous Stammerers.**

Æsop, Virgil and Demosthenes are generally known to have been stammerers, but how many others suffering from the like infirmity occupy an honorable place in the historical gallery?

The first of these whom we can recall is the prophet Moses. He, according to tradition, was a stammerer whose powers of speech were so limited that his brother Aaron always accompanied him, being specially commissioned to speak in his name and stead.

"I am not eloquent," protested Moses, "neither heretofore nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant, but I am of slow speech and of a slow tongue."

Claudius Michael II, emperor of the east; Mohammed-el-Basser, king of Spain during the Moorish domination; and Eric, king of Sweden, stammered pitifully.

Among the 18 rulers of the name of Louis who have reigned in France, we find only one, Louis le Begue, although he was by no means the only French sovereign who stammered.—New York Journal.

**Antiquity of Chess and Checkers.**

Chess has been attributed to Palamedes, who flourished 680 years B. C.; also to the Hindoos. Some authorities consider checkers a very ancient game also—in fact, the origin of checkers and chess may be identical. Strutt, however, considers checkers a "modern invention." Mr. Mallet published in 1668 a treatise on the subject of draughts, and the game is known to have been played in Europe at least a century before. The Romans had a game called latrunculi, which was very similar in character to checkers, the pieces moving diagonally, capturing by leaping over and obtaining superior power upon arriving safely at the thither side of the board. The board, however, consisted of but 16 squares.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**His First Lien on Her Affections.**

He—Will you be mine?

She—Certainly not. What a question!

He—Then of course you will return the gold watch and chain?

She—You never gave me a watch and chain or anything else. My friend, Mr. Lillywhite, gave them to me.

He—Yes, but he got them at my store, and as he never intended to pay for them of course it is the same as though I gave them to you.

She—H'm! So it is. But this is sudden.—Boston Transcript.

**Not Natural.**

"That clock," said the man who was looking through the senate chamber, "don't call out the hour no way, does it?"

"No," replied the guide.

"Whose property is it?"

"Why, it belongs to the Union."

"To which?"

"To the Union."

"And don't strike! No, siree. Ye can't fool me."—Washington Star.

**There are 16 counties in Pennsylv-**

ania and New York of the same name. They are Alleghany, Clinton,

Columbia, Delaware, Erie, Franklin,

Fulton, Greene, Jefferson, Monroe,

Montgomery, Sullivan, Warren,

Washington, Wayne and Wyoming.

There is said to be but one British

house remaining where the old feudal

custom is observed of guests and

servants all dining together on

Christmas night, and the dance after-

ward being led by the hostess with

the gamekeeper.

Among ancient and medieval sov-

ereigns the universal custom was to

give a list of the various countries

over which the monarch ruled, or

was supposed to rule, and the rela-

tion he bore to each.

Actresses are compelled to paint

their faces before they go on the

stage, or the lights would give them

the appearance of "costs."

The title prince is from a Latin

word signifying leader and dates

from the early Roman empire.

### MISCELLANEOUS.



**COPPER RIVETED  
OVERALLS  
AND  
SPRING BOTTOM PANTS**

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

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COMPLETELY CURED.  
Very truly,  
M. THOMPSON, POSTMASTER.



The meals to be had at the Sonoma House, now kept by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fisheer, are the best to be had in any hotel north of San Francisco.

If you want the very best of wine,  
liquors or cigars go to the Union  
Hotel, and you will be politely  
served by Mr. A. A. Engle. \*

Meat tender and juicy at Weyl's  
meat market. \*

the first day, and danced quickly to the top of swings and hammocks, which had been kindly loaned to them by the kindly boatmen, on their occasion by Mr. Maxwell. At noon a fine lunch was spread under the tall trees which were one of the features of the day, and was mostly enjoyed by the young ladies and babies. After lunch many amused themselves with playing games while others enjoyed the sport of catching trout in the creek, which flows near by. It was not until the sun commenced to wane that these happy young people thought of starting homeward where they arrived in good time tired, but in a pleasant frame of mind.

Nothing like tact—Here are Figg and Fogg, for instance. They are on a street car, two ladies and a gentleman. Figg, in a neat, faded, shagreened, black, buttoned, and buckled, and buckles his hat, and one of the ladies sinks into it piously and without deigning to notice Figg. Fogg, on the contrary, retains his seat until within a block of his destination. Then he lifts himself and his hat, saying: "I beg pardon, madam; I did not notice you were standing. Oblige me by taking my seat." He receives a sweet smile and thanks, and all for the small discomfort of standing less than two minutes—*Boston Transcript.*

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